

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Large Ball Will Be Given Tonight in Bellevue-Stratford for Miss Anne Meirs—Other Matters of Social Importance

WE must tear ourselves away from the Made-in-America doings once more to attend the ball which Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wain Meirs will give at the Bellevue-Stratford in honor of their charming daughter, Anne Walker Meirs. The guests are not the only ones who are looking forward with pleasure to the ball, but a number of dinners are to be given beforehand, and that always helps in the excitement. Don't you think?



MRS. JOSEPH FREDERICK COTTERELL.

Mrs. Cotterell will be married at Northampton last week to Miss Adelaide Louise Brockway, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Percy Chain. The wedding, which was a military one, was one of the fashionable events of the winter there. Lieutenant Cotterell is attached to the United States Coast Artillery.

The guests of Mr. Edward M. Davis, of East Penn street, Germantown.

Mrs. Edward Davis, of Wayne avenue and Horner street, Germantown, will entertain at dinner on Friday of next week in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Rowley, of Brookline, Mass., who will spend the Christmas holidays with her. Rowley was Miss Katharine Davis before her marriage.

Friends of Dr. Walter Wood, of this city, will be glad to hear he is recovering from his recent automobile accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bremner, Jr., of 216 South 22d street, Jenkintown, will entertain at their home at supper after the annual show, entitled "Sylvia," given in the Jenkintown Auditorium this evening by the members of the Paint and Powder Club.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Howard Wilson, of Roslyn, have had Mrs. Charles L. Ogilvie and her small daughter, Miss Jane Ogilvie, of Logan, as their guests for some time. Mrs. A. C. Wilson is now spending a few days as the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson.

Mrs. Joseph Bromley, of Wissahickon and Chelton avenues, Germantown, has gone to Atlantic City for a fortnight.

Mrs. Walter M. La Rue and Miss Margaret La Rue, of Pelham road, Germantown, have gone to Yama Farms, Napanoch, N. Y., for several days.

Miss Emily Hall, of Musgrave street, Germantown, will entertain at cards on Friday, December 29.

Miss Helen Robmann, of 215 East Gorgas lane, Germantown, will entertain at bridge on Friday, December 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Van Reed Miller, of 3102 West Penn street, Germantown, will give a tea on Sunday afternoon in honor of Count Axel Raoul Wachtmeister, of Sweden, who will be their guest over the week-end.

Captain Arthur B. Owens and Mrs. Owens, of 2114 South Twenty-first street, will have Mrs. Gladys Woods Rubey, of Los Angeles, Cal., as their guest for the Christmas holidays. Miss Rubey is the daughter of an old friend of Mrs. Owens and is attending school at Gunston Hall, Washington, D. C.

Friends of Mrs. Leonard Akeley, of Barrowdale, Hyda, will be glad to hear that she has returned from the Albany Hospital. She is recuperating rapidly from her recent accident.

Mr. Charles Wellington Furlong will give an interesting illustrated lecture at the University Museum tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Mr. Furlong's travels have brought him into close relations with the different aspects of life in South America.

Miss Frances Ray, of 442 West School house lane, Germantown, will give an informal dance on Thursday, December 28, at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Trotter and Mrs. Edward H. Trotter, Jr., who have been passing the summer in Devon, have returned to Philadelphia.

Among others who have closed their homes in Devon are Mr. and Mrs. George Wharton Pepper and Dr. and Mrs. Charles B. Penrose.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall H. Smith, of Wayne, are spending a short time at the Traymore, Atlantic City.

The Men's Club, of Wynona, announces that owing to New Year's Day falling on the first Monday in January its regular meeting night has been changed to the following week, Monday, January 8, at 215 Locust street. Mr. Michael Dorizas will be the speaker of the evening, when he will give an illustrated talk on Persia. The pictures were taken by himself during some of his many travels and are unusually interesting.

Captain Lindsay Coates Herkness, Mrs. Herkness and their small son, Master Lindsay Coates Herkness, Jr., will be at home at 215 Locust street, Philadelphia, on Thursday for Plainfield, N. J., where they have taken a house for the winter months.

SANTA CLAUS GIRL HAS 30,000 CHILDREN'S GIFTS

Olive May Wilson Hammer Receives Donations From President's Wife

A photograph illustrating this article appears on the pictorial page.

The Santa Claus Girl is again at work. Her home at 5151 Morris street is now chock full of toys and things and she is expecting so many more that she won't know where to put them. They were gathered from all over the United States and came from the high and the lowly. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Charlie Chaplin, the popular actors, the movie actress Annetta Kellerman, the diver and swimmer, and John Philip Sousa, the march king—all are numbered among the many who have contributed gifts and money to the Santa Claus Girl to be distributed by her through the mails at Christmas to thousands of little boys and girls whom Santa Claus himself may forget.

The Santa Claus Girl, who this Christmas is Mrs. Olive May Wilson Hammer—for she was married last Easter to Birchall Hammer—expects the work this time to be the most successful and the happiest she has accomplished since the first becoming the Santa Claus Girl at Christmas in 1913.

That first Christmas she gathered 5000 gifts and distributed them; in 1914 the number of gifts reached 15,000; last Christmas she distributed 35,000. She expects to give more than 50,000 Christmas presents this year.

The gifts will be distributed through the mail, except a few gifts that will be given away at her home Christmas Day, when she will have a Christmas tree for children in the vicinity. She believes that children appreciate their gifts more when they are received through the mail. In fact, her inspiration to become the Santa Claus Girl came with the discovery that children like to receive things with their names and addresses and stamps on them.

She was in the Postoffice to mail some valentines to friends in 1913 when she found a little urchin waiting there for a valentine. He was very disappointed that none was handed out to him because of a window, and Mrs. Hammer—then Olive May Wilson—offered him one of hers.

"No," he said, putting his hands behind him, "I want a regular valentine, with a stamp on it."

That was the Santa Claus Girl's idea. So this year she has named the business "The Santa Claus Mail." Mrs. Hammer is the treasurer and she has as her advisory committee A. J. Drexel Biddle, John W. Converse and Percy C. Madala. They are to help her spread "the real Christmas spirit."

The names and addresses of children who but for the "Santa Claus Mail" would be forgotten Christmas have been obtained by experienced social workers. A long list is now in the hands of the committee.

The work has been helped along by prominent men and women all over the United States. Letters indorsing it and offering assistance have been received by the Santa Claus Girl from Governor Martin G. Brumbaugh, Vice President Thomas H. Marshall, William Jennings Bryan, Charles Clark, Admiral George Dewey, Senator Oscar W. Underwood and Theodore Roosevelt. In previous years the late James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier children's poet, took much interest in the work.

Among the gifts this Christmas that the children will receive through the Santa Claus Mail will be "something" from their "movie" hero, Charlie Chaplin. Mrs. Hammer received this letter from him the other day:

"Dear Mrs. Hammer—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of your letter, and have ordered to be shipped to you from New York something that I think sure will meet with your pleasure as gifts. Wishing the Santa Claus Mail all kinds of success. I am, very sincerely yours, CHARLES CHAPLIN."

Other such letters, accompanying gifts, were received from "movie" actors, actresses and producers. Thomas H. Ince, the producer, sent his personal check; Anthony Quinn, of "The Sign of the Cross," sent a check; and Mrs. Ince, the producer, sent his personal check; Anthony Quinn, of "The Sign of the Cross," sent a check; and Mrs. Ince, the producer, sent his personal check.

From room to room they went, making all tight and fast for the long absence, taking farewell of all the treasures that during their long weeks of occupancy had accumulated about them.

Though Stern was no sentimentalist, yet he, too, felt the tears well in his eyes, even when he was alone. The shadow of the shadowy past fell about him, and he slowly went down, sitting there inactive and alone. How long? He could not tell. All that he knew was, suddenly, that he had wakened to full consciousness.

The night was moonless; only the great untroubled stars wandered down at this daring venture into the unknown.

Stern hummed a tune to keep his spirits up. He turned easily over the moonless dark sea with a full following breeze, he passed an hour or two. He sat down, braced the tiller, and resigned himself to contemplation of the mystery that had descended at still must be. And very sweet to him was the sense of protection, of guardianship, wherein he held the sleeping girl in the shelter of the little cabin.

He had never dared, sitting there inactive and alone. How long? He could not tell. All that he knew was, suddenly, that he had wakened to full consciousness.

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"Yes, of our lives," he repeated gravely. "Our lives, forever, as long as we live. But come, come—time's slipping on. See, the shadow's moving ahead already. Come, say good-by to everything, dear, until next spring. Now let's be off and away!"

They went about the yawl, which fully now, now lay, at a little distance, what by the edge of the sunset wild wood, its mast overhanging by arching branches of a gothic limb.

He had cast off the painter of braided leather, and with his back to the water, he pulled out into the current, then raised the sail of woven rushes like that of the little boat which might be the sea's cradle. Stern looked back, and saw the

OUTRAGEOUS



Say, father, is this the way to treat a future President of the United States?

BEYOND THE GREAT OBLIVION

(Sequel to "The Vacant World")

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

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THE STORY THIS FAR

CHAPTER IX—(Continued)

CHAPTER X

Toward the Great Cataract

CHAPTER XI

The Plunge

CHAPTER XII

The Yawl

CHAPTER XIII

The Yawl

CHAPTER XIV

The Yawl

CHAPTER XV

The Yawl

CHAPTER XVI

The Yawl

CHAPTER XVII

and that a sense of uneasiness, of fear, of peril, hung about him.

Up he started, with an exclamation which he suppressed, just in time to avoid awakening Beatrice. Through all, ever all, a vast, dull roar was making itself heard, a sound as though of mighty waters rushing, veiling, echoing to the sky that drowned the echo back again.

When came it? Stern could not tell. From nowhere, from everywhere; the hum and vibrant blur of that tremendous sound seemed universal.

"My God, what's that?" Allan exclaimed, peering ahead with eyes widened by a sudden stabbing fear. "I've got Beatrice aboard, here; I can't let anything happen to her!"

The gibbous moon, red and sullen, was just beginning to thrust its strangely mottled face above the uneasy moving plain of water. Far off to northward a dim headland, about seven miles distant, loomed in the distance.

Suddenly he got a terrifying sense of speed. The headland must have lain five miles to south of him; yet in a few moments, ever as he watched it, it had come to the obliteration of a vastly greater distance.

"What's happening?" thought Stern. The wind had died; it seemed as though the waters were moving with the wind, as fast as the wind; the yawl was keeping pace with it, even as a floating balloon drifts in a storm, unfeeling it.

Deep, dull, booming, ominous, the roar continued. The sail flapped idly on a thing that stopped his heart a moment, then thrashed it into furious activity.

Off there in a direction he judged as almost due northeast, a tenuous, rising veil of vapor blotted out the lesser stars and dimmed the brighter ones.

Even in that imperfect light he could see something of the sinuous drift of that strange cloud.

Quickly he leaped the tiller, crept forward and "climbed the mast, his night-glasses slung over his shoulder. A moment, then thrashed it into furious activity.

Holding by one hand, he tried to concentrate his vision through the glasses, but they failed to show him even as much as the naked eye could discern.

The night was paralyzing in its onset of darkness. Only once did Stern realize the meaning of the swift, strong current, the roar—now ever increasing, ever deepening in volume—the high and shifting vapor veil that climbed toward the dim zenith.

"Merciful heaven!" gulped he. "There's a cataract over there—a terrible cataract—a plunge—to what? And what drifting toward it at express-train speed!"

How could a current like that rush up along the Sound? How could there be a cataract, sucking down the waters of the sea itself—whether could it storm toward that crisis the man's scientific curiosity was aroused; he felt, subconsciously, the interest of the trained observer there in the midst of deadly peril.

Quickly Stern dropped to the deck, and, noiseless as a cat in his doekskin sandals, ran aft.

But even before he had executed the instinctive tactic of shifting the beam, yawling off, and trying to beat up into the faint breeze that now drifted over the swirling current, he realized its futility and abandoned it.

"No use," thought he. "About as effective as trying to dip up the ocean with a spoon. Any use to try the sweeps? Maybe she and I together could swing away out of the current—make the shore—don't she to do it? Try it, anyhow!"

Beside the girl he knelt. "Beta! Beta!" he whispered in her ear. He shook her gently by the arm. "Come, wake up, girl!—there's work to do here!"

She, submerged in healthy sleep, sighed and stirred. "What's that?" she asked, looking up. "Beta! Beta!" he repeated. And in a minute or so there she was, sitting up in the bottom of the yawl among the furs.

In the dim moonlight her face seemed a vague, sweet flower shadowed by the dark, wind-blown masses of her hair. Stern felt the warmth, scented the perfume of her hair, full-blooded flesh. She put a hand to her hair; her finger-slip robe, falling back to the shoulder, revealed her white and beautiful arm.

All at once she drew that arm about the man and brought him close to her breast. "Oh, Allan!" she breathed. "My boy! Where are we? What is it? Oh, I was sleeping so soundly! Have we reached harbor yet? What's that noise—that roaring sound? Surf?"

For a moment he could not answer. She, sensing some trouble, peered closely at him. "What is it, Allan?" she cried, her woman's intuition telling her of trouble. "Tell me—is anything wrong?"

"Listen, dearest!" "Yes, what?" "We're in some kind of—of—"

"What? Danger?" "Well, it may be. I don't know yet. But there's something wrong. You see—"

"Allan!" she exclaimed, and started up. "Why didn't you wake me before? What is it? What can I do to help?"

"I think there's a rough wave ahead, dear," the engineer answered, trying to steady his voice, which shook a trifle in spite of him. "At any rate, it sounds like a waterfall of some kind or other; and see, there's a line, a drift of vapor rising over there. We're

being carried toward it on a strong, swift current. Anxiously she peered, now full swivel. Then she turned to Allan. "Can't we sail ahead?" "Not enough wind. We might possibly row out of the current, and—perhaps—"

"Give me one of the sweeps, quick, quick!" He put the sweeps out. No sooner had he braced himself against a rib of the yawl and thrown his ponderous against the heavy bar than she, too, was pulling hard. "Not too strong at first, dear," she cautioned. "Don't use up all your strength in the first few minutes. We may have a long haul for it!"

"In it with you—till the end—which ever way it ends," she answered; and in the moonlight he saw the untrammelled swing and play of her magnificent body. The yawl came round slowly till it was crosswise to the current, headed toward the mainland shore. Now it began to make a little headway. But the breeze slightly impeded it.

Stern whipped out his knife and stashed the sheets of plating. Push. The yawl crumpled, cracked and slid down; and now under a bare pole the boat cradled slowly ahead transversely across the foam-streaked current that ran swiftly scolding toward the dim vapor swirls away to the northeast.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

STAGE LURED MISSING GIRL, RELATIVE SAYS

Sixteen-Year-Old Wife Wanted Chorus Work, Her Mother-in-Law Believes

Mrs. Earl Schneck, mother-in-law of Mrs. Marie Schneck, the sixteen-year-old mother who left home last Saturday, leaving a note telling her husband to collect insurance money and buy Christmas presents for himself and their baby, believes her daughter-in-law has joined a chorus. The girl, who was married when she was thirteen, the mother-in-law said, recently went to several theatres and expressed a desire to be in a chorus. She also thought she would like to be a "singer" on movie screens, her mother-in-law says.

The husband, William Schneck, who lives at 1427 North Etting street, has appealed to the police and the newspapers to help him find his wife. When he arrived home last Saturday night he found her eighteen-month-old baby Helen alone, and the following note from his wife was on a table:

"My happiness be yours for the rest of your life, as you have had no happiness since you met me. Collect insurance money. You can get an undertaker to swear he buried me if you give him a couple of dollars. Take care of Helen and give her a good Christmas. I also hope you have a good one. Don't follow, for you will have to die to follow me."

RICH QUARTET OPENS CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES

Novelty of Program Is Septet by Beethoven—Other Numbers by Mozart and Franck

The Rich Quartet played very worthily to an undeservingly small attendance last night for the opening of its series of chamber music concerts. The audience, which made a very scant impression in the vast spaces of Witherspoon Hall, was highly appreciative, but it showed a heavy mood, and the proper encouragement of the organization, which is both a pillar and an ornament of the Philadelphia musical season.

Chamber music is not one of the most exciting of indoor sports, but it is one of the finest recreations of the musical mind. It feeds the soul with something beyond the spectacular appeal to the eye of the opera or the sensational sentimentality of the concert. Surely the serene pleasures of pure music are not to be despised and neglected.

Anyhow, the members of the Rich Quartet are "good sports." They played the same for its every point, and they scored. There was no perfunctoriness in the presentation of Mozart's Quartet No. 18 in D major, and Cesar Franck's in the same key, and Beethoven's septet in E flat. The personnel of the quartet is Thaddeus Rich, concertmaster and assistant conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, first violin; Hans Krieger, principal cellist of the orchestra, violoncello; Hilda van den Beemt, second violin, and Alfred Lorenz, viola, the last two also members of the orchestra. For the Beethoven number they had the co-operation of Antony Torelli, contrabass; Robert Lindemann, clarinet; Richard Krueger, bassoon, and Anton Horner, French horn, also of Mr. Stokowski's band.

The singular musical grace which in Mozart was realized in the opening quartet, in which the melodic curve was the line of beauty. Then came the complexities of Beethoven—yearnings of mood and quantities of technique toward the romantic and out of classic trammels, despite the fact that the opus numeral is as early as twenty and the form is somewhat precise. There was a beautiful blending of the strings and the winds, but the ensemble was able at all times to make the total addition one of chamber music, with no suggestion of the orchestral on a miniature scale. The first finale was the mysticism of the Belgian organist, which in the last movement had a bravura and lit strangely at variance with the traits of the composer.

W. H. M.

LIFE'S GREATEST MOMENTS



The first dollar he ever earned.

Save for the chattering of the busy squirrels, a high brooded over his nature. The birds were silent. A far blue haze veiled the distant reaches of the stream. Over the world a vague, premonitory something had fallen; it was summer still, but the touch of dissolution, of decay, had laid the shadow of a pall upon it.

And the two lovers felt their hearts gladden at thought of the long migration out into the unknown, the migration that might lead them to southern shores and to perpetual plenty, perhaps to the great boon of contact once again with kumankul.

From room to room they went, making all tight and fast for the long absence, taking farewell of all the treasures that during their long weeks of occupancy had accumulated about them.

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Personals

Mr. and Mrs. N. Allen Stockton announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Christine Hara Stockton, to Mr. William H. Hopkins, son of Mrs. Johns Hopkins, of 1713 Walnut street.

The committee in charge of the Cafe Chateaux, which will be open on January 8, in the ballroom of the Germantown Cricket Club, are Mrs. E. L. Baltzar de Mares, Mrs. Joseph Wain, Jr., Mrs. Churchill, Mrs. Arthur G. Giffin, Mrs. Edward Becker, Mrs. Alfred S. Willis, Mrs. W. W. Martin, Jr., Mrs. George W. Brown, Mrs. Charles A. Martin, and Mrs. Charles A. Martin and Mrs. Maurice.

Mr. Walter Lee, of Pelham road, Germantown, will give an informal tea at the Traymore in honor of Miss Marie-Louise de Mares, who will return from school on Saturday, January 14, and will spend the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. McEwen, 6804 Emlen street.

The wedding of Miss Katherine Nise, daughter of Mrs. William Nise, of the North, Spring and Whitewood avenues, Germantown, will take place quietly at the home of the bride on Saturday, January 14. Only the families and a few intimate friends will be present. After an extended honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Nise will make their home at Hanger, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ehret and their daughter, Miss Gertrude Ehret, of Pine Grove Park, will close their winter home this week and will come to Philadelphia, where they will occupy apartments at the Rittenhouse for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis R. Dutton, of Washington lane, Jenkintown, have returned to Atlantic City, where they have been spending some time. Mr. Dutton is recuperating rapidly after his recent operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Meigs have taken a house at Wayne, which they will occupy during the winter. Mrs. Meigs was Miss Marjorie Meigs before her marriage, and Mrs. Meigs have been living in Philadelphia.

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